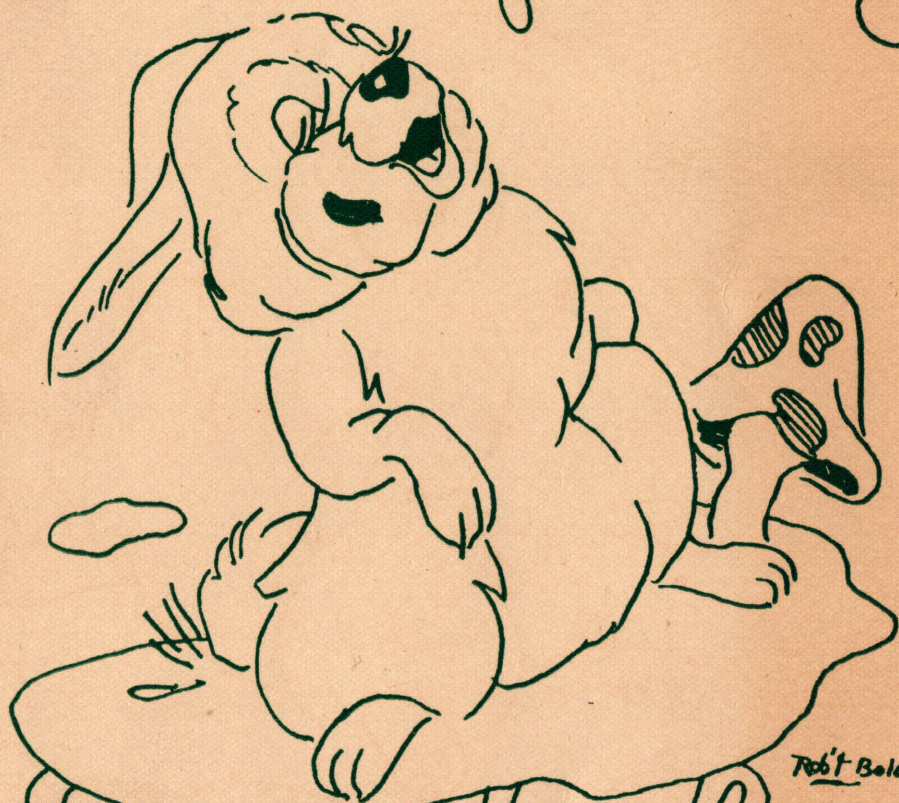


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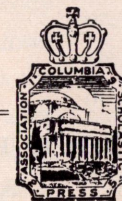
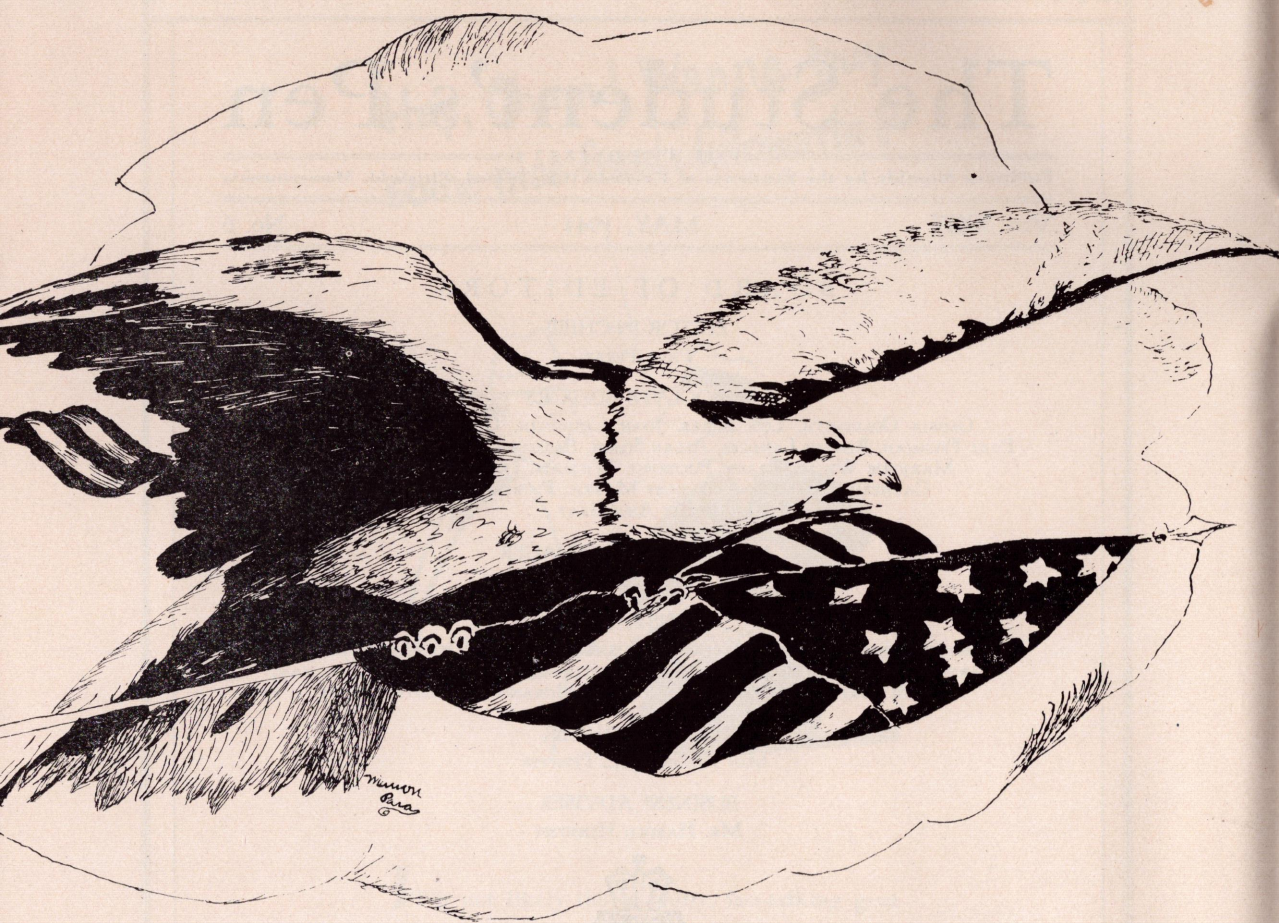


Table of Contents

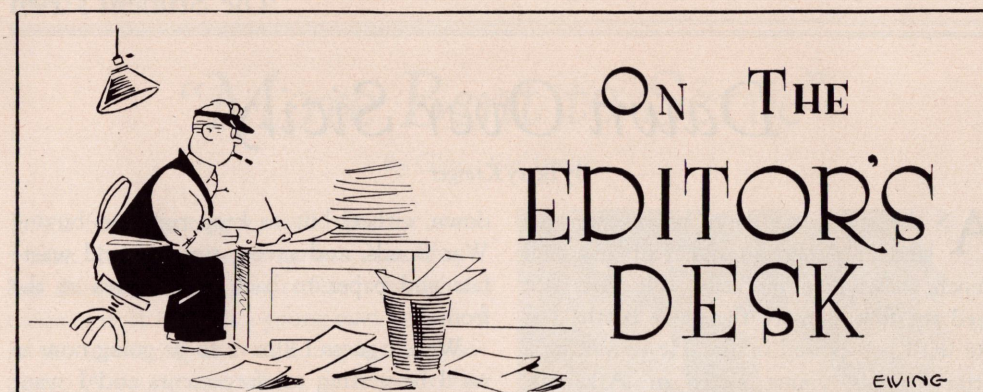
	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK	5
WHO'S WHO	16
SCHOOL NOTES	19
P. H. S. IN UNIFORM	24
ATHLETICS	25
HUMOR COLUMN	29



GOLD STARS ON OUR SERVICE FLAG

Pfc. Orlando Angelo, Ex-1939	Sgt. William E. Norton, 1939
Pvt. Joseph A. Bernardo, Ex-1937	Pvt. Benjamin Perlman, 1934
Pvt. Lawrence R. Blair, Ex-1942	Paul Pharmer, Ex-1933. Water tender, 1-c
Raymond P. Deblois, 1942, Electrician's mate, 3-c	James F. Pierce, Ex-1942. Pharmacist's mate, 3-c
Charles Chester Foley, Jr. 1939. Electrician's mate, 1-c	Roman W. Sadlowski, 1939. Seaman, 1-c
Lieut. Shirley E. Gardner, Jr., 1938	Pfc. Louis G. Scully, Jr., Ex-1942
Elliot Gates, Ex-1942, Navy radio man	J. Walter Shields, 1936. Seaman, 1-c
Pfc. Harry Gough, 1939	Pvt. Oscar St. Germaine, Ex-1937
Lieut. James Koulgeorge, 1938	Pfc. Paul C. Sullivan, 1933
Lieut. Linwood Langley, 1939	Pvt. Douglas M. Wilber, Ex-1936
Cpl. James Lum, 1938	Cpl. Ralph Hanson, 1937
	Lieut. H. Austin Foote, 1935

"It is rather for us, the living, to take increased devotion to that cause which they have thus far so nobly advanced."—Lincoln.



"That They Might Love Again"

By Paul Perry

THE question of romance is one to which THE PEN has never devoted a great deal of space. However, it is a subject which is inextricably tied up with the war effort. A strange combination, perhaps? No, not so strange.

In the first place, what is love? Nobody knows, but we do know that it is the force behind all homes, all family circles. It is the power which makes a man go out day after day and work, at dull drudgery or back-breaking labor, for the home of which he is the head. It is the force which impels him to fight, if need be, when that home is in danger.

At the present time, the homes and family circles of our country are endangered as never before. Our American way of life stresses the importance of home life in the bringing up of our children and the building of character. The totalitarian countries we are fighting have a vastly different outlook. To Nazi Germany, the home is merely a convenient way of bringing more soldiers into the world to fight for the glory of the Fatherland. In the German scheme, the responsibility of

child training is not given to the parents, but the state. At eight years of age, an age at which most of our young children are merely playing with guns,—the future Nazi soldier is taken from his home and put into a battalion of *Jungvolk*. From that day on, his education, development and training are under the control of the state. There is no need for a closely-knit family circle.

We in America are sentimental fools, according to the Nazi idea. We like our young people to be brought up by their parents, to live in harmony with their fellow men, to learn the ways of truth and peace. And millions of men are separated from their families by this war. They are home-loving men; they have left behind wives and sweet-hearts who long for their return as fervently as these men want to come back.

How soon they can return to those they love depends on us. Ours is the chance to reunite the family circle. If we do our part they will soon be home!

Are we going to fail them?

Dawn Over Sicily

By Betty Kreiger

AS the gray bleak dawn breaks over the land, an American soldier sits in a mud trench somewhere in Sicily. He does not heed the first signs of the day's battle, but sits with pen poised in air. He is writing a letter to his young sister in Arkansas, U. S. A. He holds the pen above the paper for a long moment and then begins to write: Dear Sis,

As I sit here writing this, dawn is breaking and the first signs of the day's fighting are in evidence. We're winning, Sis, and we've gained a lot of ground since we landed a few weeks ago. We're not on the defensive today as we have captured several German positions and are trying to hold them until help comes, which should be soon.

You remember Bill Hendricks? I suppose that by now you know that he was killed in action recently. Well, I was with him when he died and it was just a miracle that they didn't get me, too, or else God was saving me to do a little more damage before I go. Bill gave me a package to give to his mother and I'll send it on as soon as I can. I want you to give it to her, Sis, so I'm sending it to you.

There was something Bill said when he was dying that I'd like to pass along. He was lying there with the shells bursting all around,—lying in a pool of his own blood, and through parched and dying lips he gasped these words:—"Don't let Mom cry, Joe,—she shouldn't cry. I'm not the only one who's dying to protect the rights of America. There are lots of fellows just like me who are giving up their futures so that America can have her future by and by. Tell her that I'm just one small part of a huge machine working for one cause, but don't forget to tell her that when that cause is won that it'll be the little guys like me, fighting and dying, that will have done it. Oh, and tell her not to let the other guys

down, either, but to keep right on buying War Bonds, and saving tin cans and waste fats and paper to back up us guys at the front."

Well, I guess I'll have to be going now as we'll be getting reinforcements and I want to be there when they arrive. So long and give my love to all the folks.

Your brother,

—He did not hear the sound of footsteps coming close to the trench; he did not hear the deep, guttural voices above his head. He only heard the bark of a gun and felt the stinging pain near his heart. Then there was darkness and he felt no more as his head slipped to the ground and the warm rush of blood made a flaming crimson signature to his letter.

NIGHT PLANES

By Paul Perry

On and on they come, droning endlessly overhead:

Some near, some far away;

Some a deep-throated roar in the darkened clouds,

Others a faint whisper of sound in a vast stillness.

Here is a small, fast pursuit ship,

Two glowing pinpoints of colored light, it whines quickly past.

Here is a heavy bomber, roaring majestically through the midnight sky.

I know that inside those planes are people, Young boys quite like myself;

Boys whose hearts and souls are ordinary and human,

Yet set apart from earth-bound creatures By a burning desire to fly

And share up there in the peaceful heavens Some of the loneliness and majesty

That is God.

"More Bent to Serve"

By Gloria Goldsmith

I'VE been waiting to tell this for some time. It has hung over me in a dark, shapeless shadow since I first realized the significance of it; it is about a young man who died at the unwitting and unfeeling hands of society. A young man whose devotion to the highest was scorned and whose love of God was ridiculed.

The first thing I remember about him is that everyone considered him queer. Even as a child he had been pointed out as being "different". He had lived a friendless childhood with an old man who had patiently seen to his upbringing. We, in the town, knew that his later college life was as lonely and silent as had been his earlier days, and that he graduated obscurely, in a class of four hundred, without recognition or applause. With the completion of his formal education, he returned to the town and lived alone in the cabin once inhabited by his now deceased benefactor.

No one in the town bothered himself with him. Who had time to spend on a lonely recluse who shunned the ways of society? We saw him usually from a distance, walking slowly in a field, head turned toward the sky. He lived simply on the barest necessities—dressed in a rough shirt and durable trousers. He lived his life in a quiet, orderly manner, and bothered no one. But men have a fear of any peace that lasts. They feel it is not profitable or safe that a man should devote his life to the highest. The townspeople grew suspicious of his reading, and wondered at the things he wrote, which they knew he sent away to be printed in some unfamiliar anthology of modern poets who were confused as to the proper way of living. They laughed at men who worked to find a good life in an impractical devotion to creation and sense of the universe—devotion to the idea of the



miracle of creation, and an acute, perceiving, joyful sense of the greatness of the universe. They cursed men who did not love to kill, or who did not love the idea of killing. They sneered at men who found beauty in a flower, and glory in the sun. They called men lazy and worthless who did not strive to make millions. And among these people, throughout the world, this feeling of distrust and disbelief in the good life grew. Slowly at first, but the seeds of doubt had been planted, and men came into a new sense of values. The strange, the queer, the crackpots, moved away from this new society, and, in doing so, were condemned. The new values of realistic success marched into the desires of the world. Money, fur coats, diamond bracelets, and Packards became the goal . . . and all was geared to the realization of this end in life.

In the town, the boy became increasingly a figure of ridicule, and the townspeople sought to outlaw him in the eyes of the society he shunned. They called his religion a farce, and put a dollar sign before the Cross. They found no time in their hurried, meager lives to praise God. There was no time to be impractical; there was money to be made and wars to be waged.



In his cabin, the boy read, day after day—finding comfort in the counselling of Chaucer: “Flee from the crowd and dwell with truthfulness.” In his heart, the faiths of ages combined to give him a philosophy of beauty, a yearning for the good, and a knowledge of the right. But the world outside had no faith in these notions; they said he was dangerous, and had no business thinking such thoughts. Wars began in Europe, and as men grew caloused to killing, they became enraged at one who did not glorify the reason for it. The boy spoke against the slander, against the master scheme of the money and power gods to draw the world into another abyss of hell.

And in his loneliness, the boy prayed to a power that men had no longer any time for. He revelled in a glory that men could no longer see. He found beauty in a world that was no longer beautiful.

I do not want to spend time on the details of what happened later. He had seen it coming towards him; he had watched the crowd turn away from the good and head in a new direction. He knew they did not realize where they were going or why. He understood that. The importance of this boy's story is his devotion and his love of God.

I will tell this much: the frenzied mob, misled by false values, took his life one night when they perceived him kneeling on a hill during a thunderstorm, praying for what remains, yet, to be the Truth at all costs.

* * * *

The sky was heavy with a blue haze on this morning. The women arose from their beds with sighs, and listlessly began the day's chores. They thought about nothing in particular; only an oppressive, dull sensation hung over their minds and their hearts. As they began their work, they saw a procession of people move past their homes, carrying bundles of spices and other preparations. The workers left their work, and joined the group that grew in numbers as it marched along. There was no talking, and there was no explanation. They moved on because they felt the need to go forward. Something new and glorious was under way!

Finally, they came to the sepulchre, where the man Joseph had buried the body two days ago. Someone cried out that the stone was rolled away, and running forward they found that the body was gone! A hushed, quiet fear surged in the crowd. They looked bewilderedly at their friends, but did not speak. Suddenly before them, appeared two angels who motioned for them to listen. The crowd fell back, wondering at what had come to pass. Around them, the blue mist rose, and the sun glared upon the sands, and beat upon their heads. One woman called out in a high, strained voice, “Where is He? We have come to pay tribute to Him and He is not here.”

“You will not find Him among the dead,” spoke the Angels. “He is not here; He is risen.”

The crowd did not move; their eyes grew wide with wonder.

“He is risen!” cried a voice that was caught by the many and grew into a powerful crescendo that echoed and re-echoed down throughout the centuries and generations. A cry that did not falter with doubts, nor decrease with repetition. He had risen and there could be no more death. He had suffered for the mobs that condemned Him, and He had understood and asked forgiveness for them. A new faith was born for men once

FAR AWAY

By Jane Howard

Those memories, my daddy dear
Have not dwindled far,
They're in my mind the whole day through,
My thoughts no strife can mar.

Of you I dream, and know some day
That you'll come back to me,
To home, to friends, and loved ones
Where you used to be.

You're not so far, my daddy dear,
Though you I cannot see;
Here by my side the entire while
In thought you'll always be.

And as the days pass on and on,
And you are over there,
A better world will soon be nigh,
Good luck—my every prayer.

I think of all the times I've wished
That I could be there, too,
Sharing a bit of sorrow,
Or spreading hope anew.

I feel the earth exploding,
I hear the cannon's roar,
And pray with every nation
“Grant us peace forevermore.”

more. A faith born of toil, sorrow, disbelief—a faith born of love, beauty, glory. The doubts, hates, and disbeliefs persisted yet, for many could not believe what was pointed out to them—but many did believe and are believing still.

The crowd straightened, and the people turned their faces to Heaven to pray for this great miracle. The Resurrection!

Ahead of them, in the sun, they saw a lonely figure moving on the land. His arms were outstretched, His kind, great eyes looked to the sky, He was dressed poorly in faded torn garments, but He was walking towards them! The mass moved out to meet Him, and when they had come within twenty feet of Him, they fell down upon their knees and worshipped Him. He spoke quietly, in His rich, low voice.

“Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.”

In the lands of kings and kingdoms, an iron cross fell heavily upon the crowned heads, but in the hearts of the people the wooden Cross became the everlasting symbol of Him who had risen.

Glory be to God in the Highest! Hosanna!

DREAMING

By Betty Burgess

White clouds—

Sifted by sky,
Swimming along,
Free as a song—
Birds that soar high.

White clouds—

You I admire,
Free all the day,
Blowing away—
Empty desire.

White clouds—

Wish I were you,
Reckless as sea,
Happy and free,
Floating in blue.

THE FARMER

By Ann Wierum

He toiled all the day through,
Cleaving with his plough the rich dark soil.
He heard the creak of harness,
And he saw the ribbon of earth
Peel away from under his feet,
Longer, wider . . .

He trudged all the day through,
Watching the specks of seed flung from his
hand,
His arm moving rhythmically.
And he saw a lone hawk
Hanging in the vastness of the sky,
He and himself, alone.

He swung all the day through
The biting scythe, cleaving through the
golden sea,
Ripened and rich; and the men
Gathered it into sweet-smelling bundles,
And the wagons were piled high.
Next came thrashing . . .



He stood on his harvested field
Watching the sun's rays pour from behind a
grey cloud
With a strange, broken light
Upon the fruits of his year.
And he lifted his eyes unto the hills
And gave thanks.

"Hope Springs Eternal"

By Betty Burgess

SPRING again. And with the coming of
Spring, there comes hope.

Hope is in the bright green of fresh grass,
bursting from the ground after a long, cold
winter. Hope is in the buds of the trees lift-
ing themselves to the blue heaven. Hope
sings in the chorus of birds. There is even
hope in miniature in the robin's fat red
breast. Hope comes soothingly in a warm
spring rain, and in the delightful fragrance of
damp earth that comes afterward. The soft
white clouds carry hope. And later, hope
can be found in the pink-and-white of apple
blossoms, in the exotic, musty odor of lilacs.

Where does hope come from? One can't
simply reply that it's Nature in her glory,
for every season is Nature in her glory.
Other seasons bring moods—Summer, con-

tinentment; Autumn, energy; Winter, fresh-
ness and crispness—why does only Spring
have Hope?

I believe it is because at this time there is
an awareness of life. Buds bloom; birds sing;
animals come out of hibernation; and in all
there seems to be a luxurious lushness in
growth, in life. And wherever there is life,
says the adage, there is hope. We have an
apprehension that something new, some-
thing mysterious, something wonderful is
going on. Winter, with its drudgery, is gone,
and in its place is Spring, with its life and
song—and hope.

If only we could remember that whatever
happens, hope will come again, just as Spring
always comes again!

The Uninvited

By Gloria Goldsmith

SLOWLY, I turned the pedals of my bi-
cycle, and, musingly, watched the play
of the setting sun's warm glow upon the river
that ran parallel to the road. My dog, Tink,
ran on ahead of me—invariably dashing in
front of the few cars that passed us. We
moved on, lingering here and there before a
patch of late purple violets, or looking at a
fresh, green clump of trees that flourished
lavishly across the river.

I pedaled lazily on, and soon felt a poi-
gnant, stimulating breeze from the river. I
stopped riding, and laying the bicycle in the
grass, I called my dog, and we descended the
bank to the waters of the Westfield. He ran
ahead of me and joyously leaped into the
stream. I laughed as he caught my mood, and
he came bounding out—shaking the water
in the air and on my clothing. I bent over to
feel the water; it was warm and invigora-
ting, flowing smoothly over the mossy
rocks. Paying no heed to the health laws, I
flattened myself upon the ground, scooped
the water into my hands, and drank.

I stood up, wiping the drops from my
chin on my shirt collar, and the wet of my
hands on my dungarees. Tink sat patiently
beside me, warily watching for my next move.
I was reluctant to move, ever, from this rich
paradise.

My dog barked, and I roused myself from
a seeming reverie, and raced him to the top
of the bank. A bit out of breath, I picked
up my bicycle, and turned it around to the
direction from which we had come. I called
to my dog who had smartly galloped away
in the opposite direction. He returned a bit
crestfallen because he had incorrectly an-
ticipated my movements.

I looked once more down to the water that
seemed to be darker under the deepening
hues of the sunset. The breeze was no longer
a faint twilight motion from the water; it
was an evening breeze that softly rustled the
leaves on the trees and stirred the young
hay in the fields. The hills before us became
silhouettes in the heightening panorama of
eveningtide. The harmonious quiet in the
valley seemed almost to throb, and the con-
stant song of the "peepers" emphasized the
quietude.

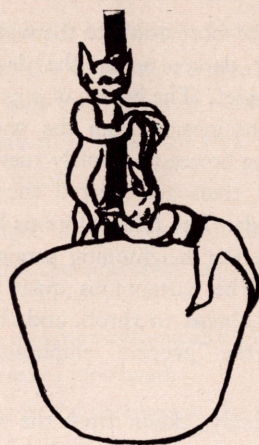
Then, suddenly, down from the woods,
and into the river ran a doe! A beautiful,
slim creature with long, graceful legs, that
hurried and splashed in the stream. I
stopped—drawing in my breath at the won-
der and symmetry of her. She struggled in
the stream, and slipped on the rocks. I
gripped my handlebars tightly, expectantly.
Quickly, I glanced at my dog—fearful that he
would bark, or worse still, that he would go
after the doe. But he stood motionless be-
side my wheel, watching the animal. Si-
lently he waited, his brown eyes gleaming.
The deer reached our side of the river and
climbed the bank frantically. She reached
the road not six feet away from us! I could
see the fright and uncertainty in her large,
darting eyes. A split-second she paused to
catch her breath, and then sped across the
road, and into the woods.

I breathed in, realizing that I, too, was
winded. My eyes were still fixed on the
spot where I last saw her.

Then I remembered the dog. He was still
standing beside me, his eyes looking in the
same direction that mine had. I reached down
and affectionately patted his head. He had
understood.

Gremlins at Work In P.H.S.

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello



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LET me introduce to you our good friends Andy Nonymous and Ed Cetera. These two members of the Honorary Society of Retired Gremlins reside in our own Pittsfield High School building. Of course, since they are retired, they should not be up to any sort of mischief, but occasionally they do get the urge to mess things up. When no one is looking, they take the locks off the lockers and turn them around so they will be extra hard to open. They blow papers around on the teachers' desks and hide textbooks in out of the way places.

One sunny May morning Andy and Ed were strolling casually down one of the busy corridors at good old P.H.S. and feeling slightly bored with retired life. They were on a sharp lookout for some real excitement.

"Come on, Andy, let's squirt the water in the fountain up into the face of that thirsty looking student over there when he tries to get a drink," said Ed.

"No, Ed, let's make the automatic sprinkler system work, so everybody will get wet," suggested Andy.

"Too tame," said Ed. "That's old stuff."

Just then he and Andy walked into the office. Their eyes roamed impatiently around the room searching for a means of promoting mischief—Suddenly Ed caught sight of the bell system in the case on the wall. His eye gleamed, and an idea was born.

It was a few seconds before third lunch period was to start.

"Let's hold the lunch bell for five minutes and see what happens," exclaimed Ed. To think was to act and up they hopped onto the bell system.

They seized the hand of the clock and pushed against it preventing it from moving.

Meanwhile the classes were becoming restless. The pupils could not concentrate on their work, and the teachers were having a difficult time keeping them quiet. After a few minutes had passed, they guessed that all was not as it should be. The situation in the classrooms became worse and worse. Teachers frantically phoned the office hoping to find the cause of the delay. One very excited Latin teacher, after calling the office repeatedly was finally able to get her connection, and the following conversation ensued, "What's the matter with the bells? My class is getting desperate. They keep chanting, 'Cupimus edere, cupimus edere'."

In the study halls the pupils glared at each other with a hungry look in their eyes. Some started to devour history texts and a few struggled with biology and chemistry. Several of our husky athletes fought over the dictionary, each greedily consuming the meaning of "metamorphosis," "phenomenon" or "citigrade." A few English teachers tried to digest some compositions in the hope of getting a little nourishment.

Down in the cafeteria the cooks were rushing food from counter to kitchen, trying to

keep it warm. One confused cook put the ice cream in the oven and the cake batter in the freezing compartment.

Finally a student gone stark, staring, raving mad from starvation rushed through the school ringing every bell he could find.

At the sound of the bells students came hurtling from the rooms and rushed down to the cafeteria devouring their lunches in two minutes flat. The teachers were a little more dignified. It took them three minutes.

Meanwhile Andy and Ed, tiring of their deviltry, and seeing an opportunity for a nice ride, jumped onto the passing carts

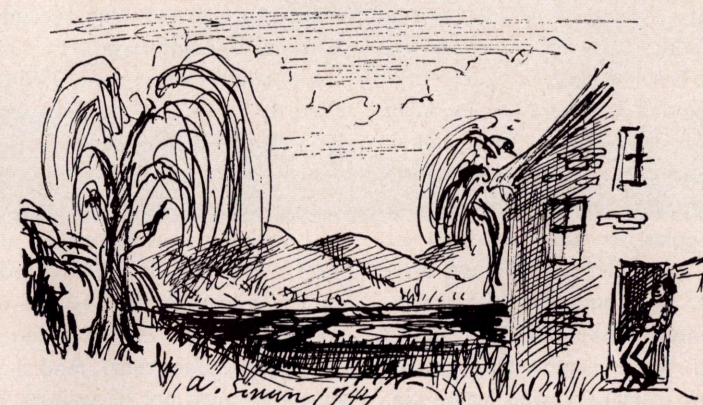
which the boys collecting salvaged paper from the home rooms were pushing.

Astounded a few minutes later at the sight of all the confusion they had created, Andy and Ed decided that they had had enough excitement for one day and quietly retired to one of the large chandeliers in the lobby, snuggling together and sawing wood till they were ready for more fun.

P.S. Girls! If you get hit by a spitball in one of the study halls, don't flatter yourself by thinking that that great big, handsome football hero thinks you're cute. It's just Andy and Ed having a good time.

OUR BROOK

By Ann Wierum



There is a brook near our house
That murmurs and splashes with pleasant
sound.

It slides over the white rocks; and the weeping
willows,
Bending down to kiss lightly the swiftly-
running waters,
Cast their shadows flickering o'er the stream,
Mingled with flecks of brighter sunshine
through
Like yellow fairies, dancing.

At night its ceaseless song lulls me to sleep
As on, the waters dance, forever on.

And up above the hills, the stars shine with
pale glow

As the lady moon's rays reflect upon the
murmuring brook,

Laving the silvery stream in her cool, mysteri-
ous light

From up on high. While crystal dewdrops
form,

And the mist creates a haze that softly
blankets all,

A long sigh steals from the dark, silent earth;
Then all again is still.

But the rippling brook's sound does not end.

My Mind—Personally It Thinks

By Paul Feldman

THE other night I was alone and out of books, records, and radio. So, having nothing better to do I decided to try thinking. I said to myself, "If a cow can ruminate, so can I." And as I thought, life's real problems revealed themselves. My mind was horrified at what it saw.

The first thing my thoughts turned to, naturally enough, was pleasure. "Great stuff, fun—marvelous!" Yes, I thoroughly approved of having a good time. I still do, as a matter of fact. After all, do we live to work or work to live? Pleasure's not incidental in life; it's fundamental. Having fun is what everybody wants—life, to many, would be just a bowl of fruit.

"But," questioned I, "there's a lemon in every fruit bowl, isn't there? That yellow fellow is universal. No getting away from him." You just have to take the lemons with the pineapples. It takes bicarb to get completely rid of a pleasant evening anyway, I suppose. So it must be with living. Sobs to drive away the smiles—smiles to soothe the sobs. Just remember that it takes plenty of lemons to make a good lemon pie.

Then my train of thoughts switched tracks. I began to think about knowledge, the stuff everybody thinks he has more of than the other fellow. But knowledge is not something to be displayed; it is, rather, to be used. You can be sure of this: if you bluster about your knowledge, people may not be sure you have a head on your shoulders, but they're darn positive you've at least a mouth there.

Intelligence is the supreme attribute in a person. Being intelligent isn't knowing a lot; it is being democratic, judicious, companionable, courageous, decently modest, helpful, honest, and understanding. And a lot more. If anyone is anti-Negro, anti-

Jewish, or anti-any other racial, religious, or national group that person is a fool. I refuse to alter in any way or retract that statement. If a person discriminates against anyone because of religious beliefs or national origins, that person is too ignorant to deserve any respect from his fellow men.

Eventually as I pondered, I began to grow tired and, being weary, I was slipshod enough to let pass through my mind some really serious thoughts—almost profound thoughts. "Time," I mused, "is the real thing in life—it's the only element of chance, of luck, of suspense. Everything succumbs to time. Nothing is ageless—except time, nothing omnipotent—except time." Think it over. There is "a time to be born and a time to die." Between these rather important dates in one's life, there's time for almost everything, if one will make use of it.

"I wish I had time to read all of Shakespeare," said a lady from behind her "True Story (believe it or not) magazine." She has lots of time. She's wasting it. Almost everybody wastes time. And time is the one thing that must not be wasted. No one can afford to waste it. Time cannot be bought. Once it is gone, you can't go out and find it again. The next person who says to you, "My, doesn't time fly!" you say this to him. "It's not time that's flying, brother, it's you!"

I added up my thoughts and got the answer. I said in my heart, "There are only six essentials in life—time, courage, intelligence, ambition, spirit, a goal."

Suddenly I realized what I was doing. I cursed my lethargic mind for letting such foreign thoughts traverse it without so much as a passport. And to get even with it, the next night I purposely went to a dull party just to pass time and while I was there I acted like a fool.



Walter Zagarowski inspecting the knife which he has just finished

Cold Steel

By William Troy

IT all started when two Marines, former Machine Shop students, wrote letters to Mr. McLaughlin, head of the shop, telling him of their need for heavy duty trench knives. According to the boys, the knives issued them were neither long enough nor rugged enough for use in combat areas. Such a need was not to be disregarded, so Mr. McLaughlin straightway set to work on the job. From cast-off files, bits of copper, plastic, and fiber, the first of these knives were made.

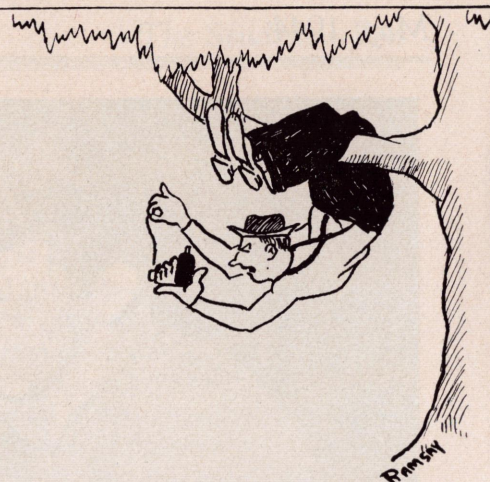
The blade of each knife is approximately ten inches in length, constructed of highly-polished, tempered steel, with a razor-like edge. The handle is made to fit nicely into

the palm of the hand for easy grip and better balance.

Not long after the Marines received their new knives, word of construction got around to other Pittsfield boys in the service, and soon many requests arrived for these new weapons. After an article telling of the work appeared in "The Eagle," the Machine Shop was swamped with orders from camps all over the country and even from fighting outposts overseas.

To date more than thirty knives have been sent to servicemen, and there are requests for many more. The Machine Shop boys are doing their best to speed the day of victory.

WHO'S WHO



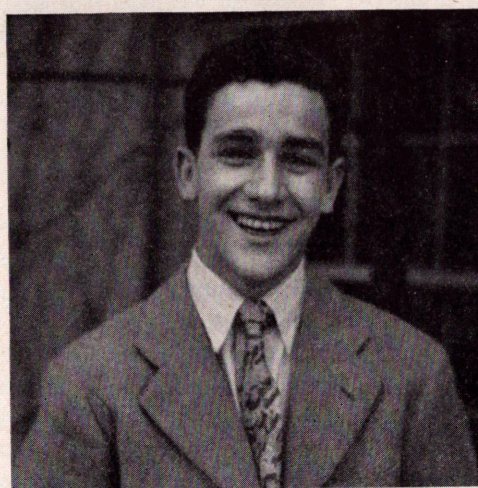
VERA LINKE

GLAMOUR GIRL

Here, folks, is that peppy little lady, Vera Linke. Good-natured and friendly, Vera is Circulation Manager of the Year Book, a member of the Senior Class Council, and vice-president of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y. When the subject is food, she could just eat, and eat, and eat as long as there is a side dish of French fried potatoes. As for relaxation and fun, it's all kinds of sports and dancing, jitter-bugging preferred. In the choice of men, blondes, brunettes or red heads don't interest her, for there seems to be a certain very lucky sailor. Vera's ambition is to be a private secretary, and with her winning ways we're sure she'll be a success.

STAMP SALESMAN EXTRAORDINARY

Presenting Romeo Papirio. Much credit is due to this senior, for he is student chairman of the War Stamp Committee. In his junior year he was vice-president of his class. Romeo's sporting interest lies in baseball and basketball. Vanilla frosts and apple pie are his favorite foods. Romeo's ambition is to be an engineer, but for the present time he is interested in Army Specialized Training.



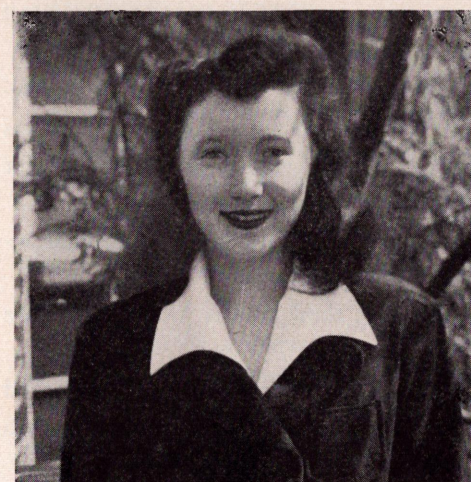
ROMEO PAPIRIO

BLONDIE

Name? "Cliff" Hunt.
Ambition? To be a farmer.
Favorite Food? Chocolate cake.
Favorite Subject? Study Hall.
Girls? Definitely!
Favorite Teacher? Mr. Geary.
Favorite Spare-Time Occupation? Horse-back riding.
Work? Kirchner farm.
This Country Needs? More blondes.



CLIFFORD HUNT



MARY MILLER

HIGH FLYER

Introducing (as if you didn't know her) Mary Miller, chairman of the Junior Class Good Will Committee as you can see by looking at her sunny face,—Warden of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, and Vice-Chairman of "The Oasis". Mary tells us (with a grin) that she is learning how to drive; and this angel wants wings so that someday she can fly. Her favorite subject is French. She likes swimming and skiing, but dancing rates number one with her. Sorry boys, you'll just have to wait your turn.

POPULAR SENIOR

Presenting Mary Ellen Bryan, who needs no introduction to the halls and students of P. H. S. A lively senior, she is on the Cap and Gown Committee, and the Banquet Committee. Sports and dancing are high on her list of enjoyable things, while getting up early is at the bottom. As for food, anything cooked by herself is delicious. As for music, she tells us that she can play the piano a bit. And men, Frank Sinatra definitely displeases her, while Sterling Hayden and her type of he-man really click, but generally speaking they're all quite nice.



MARY ELLEN BRYAN



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

The nature-genius in Room 303—Miss Margaret Davison,—sees all, knows all, and tells all on "the science of living things", biology.

She is the proud keeper of that character, Mr. Bones (a genuine skeleton), some frisky frogs, and a few goldfish.

Spending many hours in the great-out-of-doors takes up a good deal of her time, but she is also a movie-goer (comedies being her favorite).

Cornell University is her Alma Mater, where she did science research, and Miss Davison has also attended summer school at Syracuse University, doing graduate work for her Master's degree.

The privilege of disagreeing is exercised by Miss Davison as far as news commentators are concerned, yet she does praise them on some things.

Helping young scientists is her main interest and, in the future, we hope she will be pleased with them.

OUR GOOD CITIZEN

When Helen Beauchemin was chosen recently for the Good Citizen Award given annually in high schools throughout the state by the Daughters of the American Revolution, it was not the first honor for this attractive and popular senior.

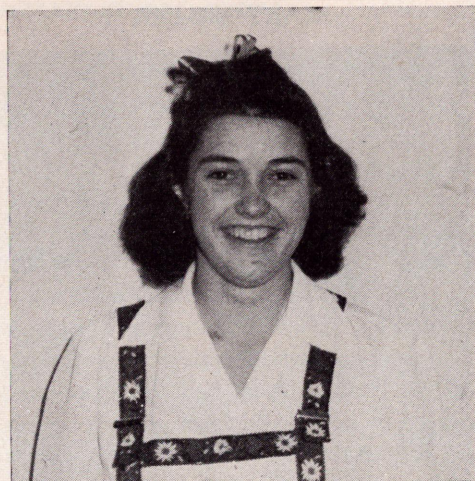
Helen, an all-round student, is first vice-president of the Senior class, a post she has held since her Junior year. She goes all out for sports, having been captain of this season's victorious Senior girls' volley ball team.

As the Pittsfield "Good Citizen", Helen received a free trip to Boston, where she was eligible, with other high school winners for the State award, a \$100 bond.

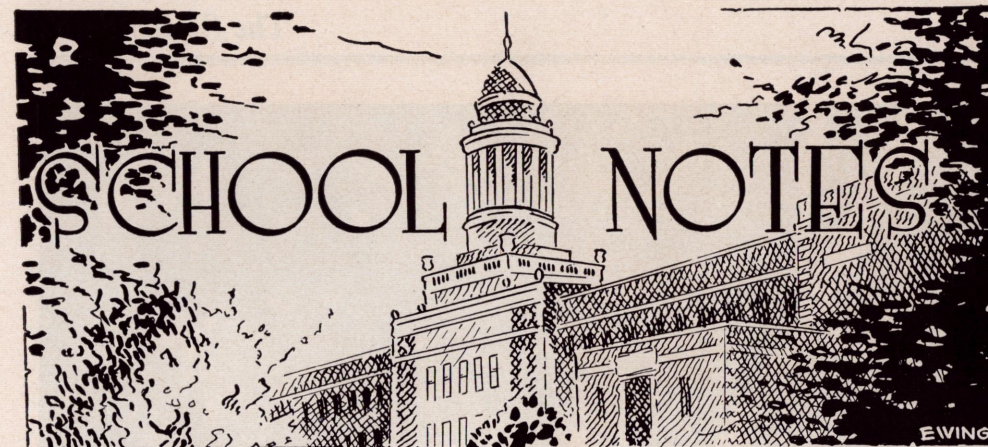
What did she herself think when she received the award?

"I didn't think; I was too excited!" she says.

Well, Helen, we think it's grand, and we're very glad that such a deserving person received the honor.



HELEN BEAUCHEMIN



JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Junior Class can now relax. The biting of nails, and worried frowns are things of the past. They are now being guided by very capable officers, who came through victorious after a long and bitter struggle! President, Robert Formel; Vice Presidents, Napoleon Reid and Lois Shipton; Secretary, Susan Szymanski; and Treasurer, Shirley Herd.

The following juniors were chosen to serve on the Class Council:

Room 14, Walter Zegarowski; Room 102, William Curley; Room 104, Ronald Ashton; Room 105, Frank Quillard; Room 142, Betty Tappin, James Tabor; Room 143, Eleanor St. Clair, Lucien Solak; Room 145, Rosemary Russell, Paul Rich; Room 147, Ruth Powell, William Prendergast; Room 148, Lois Naeve, Sydney Novick; Room 149, Katharine Kennedy, William Kleinhandler; Room 212, Marilyn Gerlach, Joseph Gall; Room 231, Leona Cone, Thomas Evans; Room 242, Edith Abrams, Joshua Alperin; Room 243, Caroline Blowe, Frank Blowe.

JUNIOR PROM NOTES:

The General Chairman of the Junior Prom was James Tabor. He was assisted by the following committees:

Ticket and Program Committee: Sidney Novick, chairman; Max Cutler, Doris Clark,

Robert Gibbs, Grace Haugh, Jane Howard, Paul Rich.

Decoration Committee: Virginia Roth, Michael Spring co-chairmen; Phyllis Howard, Anne Gultinan, Virginia Roberts, Betty Tappin, Lois Kiligas, Constance Garivaltis, Joan Kaufman, William Kleinhandler, Kenneth Whitney, Robert May, Donald Broverman, David Sullivan, Frank Blowe, Walter Zegarowski, Frank Quillard, John Fitzpatrick.

Publicity Committee: Ruth Powell, chairman; Allan Simon, Betty Barstow, Geraldine Ruggerio, Elaine Hubbard, Marilyn Cooper, William Prendergast, Virginia Wyble, Charles Freehoffer, Frank Blowe.

Refreshment Committee: Velma Magnone, chairman; Hope Hazard, Dorothy McAnnany, Velma Merletto, Sylvia Agar, Irene Plantier, Carolyn Carlson.

Music Committee: McKee Kraer, chairman; Frank Blowe, Elihu Martin, Joan Senger, Betty Young.

Reception and Invitation Committee: Lois Naeve, chairman; Betty Nicholls, Eleanor Kelley, Sophie Rapkavicz, Virginia Roberts, Louise Gleason, Carmilino Monterosso, Shirley O'Connell.

Checking Chairman, Robert Delaney.



"OASIS"

"Going to the 'Oasis?'" is still a favorite question of students of Pittsfield High and can be heard at any time in the halls. The "Oasis" continues to be a favorite nightspot with the students. On Saturday nights the dance floor is crowded; games in the game room are constantly in use; and the "milk bar" does a thriving business.

Orchestras heard lately are Dave Dalzell's, McKee Kraeer's, and Jack Wring's. A few weeks ago Besse Clark's put on a fashion show with eight students from Pittsfield High as models. The models were Marjorie Hactor, Virginia Roberts, Shirley Jarvie, Joan Byrne, Manuel Gomes, John Kelley, Joseph Robinson, and Alpine McArthur. The idea was received with much enthusiasm. During intermission McKee recently gave a rendition of "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening," a la Frank Sinatra.

Should there be any person in Pittsfield

High who has not been to the "Oasis", leave next Saturday open and come to "Oasis". We guarantee you a good time. "Come one, come all to the Oasis."

MOVIE CLUB

Mr. Powell, manager of the Capitol theater, was the speaker at the meeting of the Movie Club on April 25th. "The History of the Motion Pictures" was his topic.

He told the club that the first motion pictures were "silent" and were usually thrillers, (Perils of Pauline) seats selling for five and ten cents. Then came the "Life of Queen Elizabeth", which was four reels long and ran for twenty minutes. As the pictures improved, the prices increased to what they are today. Legitimate plays, vaudeville, road shows, and so forth failed soon after the "talkies". The first of these were "Sonny Boy" (Al Jolson), and "Streets of New York" (Conrad Nagle). These ran for sixty

minutes. In the beginning the acting was poor and the characters awkward, but later the actors and actresses learned to walk gracefully and speak their lines well. To get a part in the first pictures, all that was necessary, was to have a pretty face or be a he-man. Today, this is not always required, but it helps! Comedies were popular in 1920-24. These consisted mainly of (custard) pie-throwing, but the public soon tired of this.

"We have come from pie-throwing to fine, light comedy, and 'Standing Room Only' (Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard)," said Mr. Powell.

"The Desert Song" was the first technicolor movie and this medium has come a long way to the latest picture "Lady in the Dark" (Ray Milland, Ginger Rogers). As yet, however, technicolor has not been perfected.

Mr. Powell stressed the point that if we wished to see the best motion pictures such as "Madame Curie" (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon) and "The Young Mr. Pitt" (Robert Donat), which were both box-office failures, we must go to see them ourselves and encourage our friends to do likewise. Then and only then will we have them, because the people in the motion picture business are in it to make a profit.

ASSIGNMENTS

Besides being able to typewrite and operate an adding machine, the students of the Commercial Course have learned to take typing from a dictaphone machine. Because of this excellent training and the experience gained from "assignments" the Commercial pupils have been able to find part-time employment in offices of insurance companies, furniture and department stores and wholesale business houses. It has been proved that "assignments" give the student practice that cannot be obtained in a classroom; hence the reason for assigning pupils to work in the offices of various department heads, as

Miss Willis, Mr. Monks, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Thompson, Miss Enright and Mr. Kreiger. When a pupil answers the phone in the class room, he often recognizes the voice of one of his schoolmates who is on assignment; or if occasion demands a visit to Mr. Russell's office, possibly a familiar face will greet him at the desk.

New opportunities for employment present themselves frequently. Late last month Mrs. Foss from the Employment Bureau of Washington visited the school to enlist recruits for office jobs in Washington, D. C. She gave a United States Civil Service Test to eighty-five pupils. Though all the papers have not been corrected the record to date shows that an average of two out of every three who took the test passed.

D. I. C.

(Department of Impossible Crimes)

Three weeks ago, five men were arguing about the war. One shot and killed the other. Who killed whom? Have your paper and pencil ready, and with these ten clues see if you can pick the right ones.

1. The names of the men—Edwin, Dave, Ben, Arthur, and Charlie.
2. Edwin was interested in mathematics. He never saw Arthur's mother.
3. Dave used to be a concert pianist.
4. Dave played five sets of tennis with one innocent man yesterday morning.
5. Ben met Arthur for the first time four weeks ago.
6. Arthur has been at his mother's home since the time of the murder.
7. Charlie was a crack tennis player and a bridge expert.
8. Ben and Charlie played bridge yesterday.
9. The murderer was Arthur's brother—they grew up together.
10. The murderer was operated on ten days ago for appendicitis.

Answer on Page 29

STUDENT ASSEMBLY SERIES

On March 23rd the student body was presented with a student assembly—the first of its kind this year. The program proved to be entertaining and enjoyable. The faculty is pleased with the response and behavior of the pupils with one exception. That is the rustling of papers and murmur of voices when a song has been announced.

On March 23rd the program was as follows:

May Day Dance—*Hadley* Orchestra
America the Beautiful—*Ward*

Student Body
Oration: Our Living Constitution
Rolland Jones

Beautiful Dreamer—*Foster*

Eileen Costello and student body
Horn Quartet—

Marilyn Cooper, Grace Hough, Jeanne

Cusato, Elaine Hubbard

Old Black Joe—*Foster*

Earl Proper and Student Body
In a Persian Market—*Ketelbey*

Orchestra
Battle Hymn of the Republic—*Steffe*

Student Body

On April 6th, a similar assembly was given with the following program:

Love's Old Sweet Song—*Mollay*

Douglas Butler and Student Body

Oration: Constitution in a Changing World

Alden Brosseau

Home on the Range Student Body

Piano solo, Deep Purple—*Peter De Rose*

Betty Pucko

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny—*Bland*

Evelyn Seagraves and Student Body

The Lord's Prayer—*Malloti*

Evelyn Tainter

Marine's Hymn—*Phillips*

Elaine Vosburg and Student Body

Mr. Strout read to the audience a letter of thanks for the wonderful response in the War Bond Drive and congratulations for the three training planes which were obtained.

GOSSIP

Girls, don't you think it's absurd to wear the same pin day after day? But then, if it was a V-5 pin like Betty Nicholls has, would you mind?

Lois Burke went to Troy, N. Y. for the vacation and then came back to Troy, P. H. S.

Mike Spring thinks Elihu Martin's new pineapple looks simply darling, and isn't that a stunning hair-do of Roy Walchenback's?

If you happen to drop in on Ginny Glaeser, beware! Five frogs are rumored to be about the premises.

The girls at P. H. S. will just have to learn to play the drums or Jack Wring's drummer will capture the heart of our dashing lad, Jim Tabor. Or are we too late?



SPRING'S HERE

By Gertrude Giese

I couldn't see much; I wasn't far up.
I could but see the rich brown earth
On every side. The day before
The sun woke me, and so I started
Pushing my head with all my might
Until I felt so very hot.
A small insect (he was an ant),
Came up to me and said with grace,
"How you do blush! Are you weak,
Or have you worked so very hard
That you seem pink? I do declare!"
I looked about. Above my head
I could see leaves and blades of grass.
I toiled and toiled, and then one day
I was on top! I was triumphant!
Just then a bunny came hopping along.
With ears pricked up and paw suspended,
He uttered a cry, and then he spoke,
"You dear pink flow'r! Yes, spring has come!"

WE SALUTE:

A short time ago, we received notice that THE STUDENT'S PEN had won a first place for high school magazines of our group, in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest! In view of the fact that the staff of the paper is the backbone of its existence, the Editor wishes personally to congratulate and earnestly thank his associates and friends, the members of THE STUDENT'S PEN Club, for their untiring efforts for the magazine. To list the contributions of all who have helped make THE PEN a success would require more time and space than we have available. Therefore, we are able to recognize only a few whose contributions have been particularly outstanding. Accordingly, we salute:

BILL TROY, the President of the Senior Class, whose cooperation and helpful criticism, as well as his literary contributions, have always been of interest.

BOB BOLAND, now in the Naval Air Corps, and ALLAN SIMON, art editor, whose art work has helped greatly to make our magazine more effective.

GLORIA GOLDSMITH, whose short stories, faithful work, and cheery disposition have been a source of inspiration to us all.

PAUL FELDMAN, who worked day after day over a hot Humor Column (as he himself would put it, "some days not so hot") and whose humorous essays have inserted a gay note into our material.

MR. HENNESSY, our financial adviser, and HELEN RAVAGE and the ADVERTISING STAFF, without whose unfailing efforts and hard work THE PEN could never have been printed.

JANE HOWARD, who almost single-handed collected and wrote the School Notes.

GERTRUDE GEISE, a sophomore of singular attainments, for her beautiful poetry.

DONALD MOREY, our Sports editor, whose faithful reporting of P. H. S. sports has done much to keep our school spirit alive.

MARY ELLEN CRISCITIELLO whose ready cooperation, pleasant smile, and charming essays have been deciding factors in our success.

JOAN COUGHLIN for her loyal and endless reports of girls' sports.

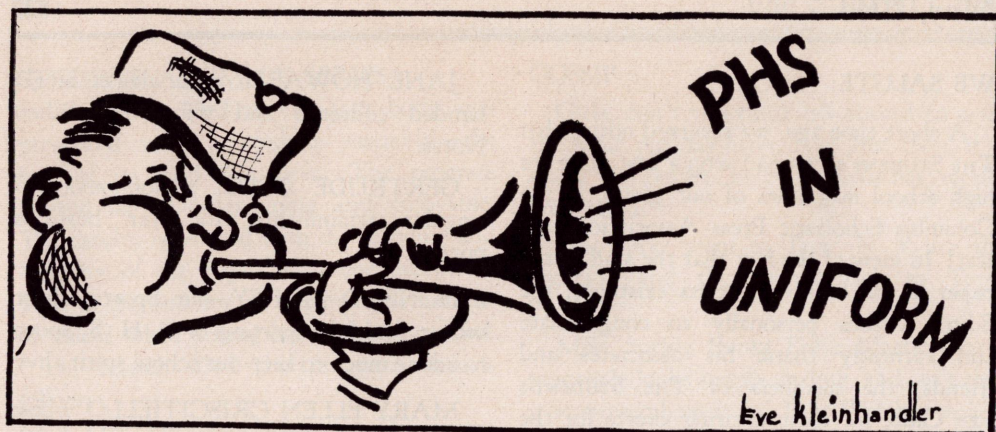
ANN WIERUM another who explodes the fallacy of silly sophomores with her fine and talented poetry.

MISS PFEIFFER, our adviser, about whom nothing can be said except that she is the guiding light of THE PEN staff, and without whom we could not even think of operating.

FINALLY, all those whose contributions, be they small or great, have helped to make THE STUDENT'S PEN a success.

STAFF NOTE:

THE STUDENT'S PEN Staff acknowledges the editor's tributes, but hastens to recall the story of two small boys who were quarrelling violently. One, more articulate than the other, having called his adversary by every vituperative epithet in the dictionary, paused for breath, whereupon his opponent cried out, "And all dem tings you called me, you is." That's the way we feel about Paul. All the compliments he has paid to us, he fully deserves himself.



Last round-up of the fighting men of The Purple and the White begins with popular Joe Boudreau. We all remember Joe, graduate and president of the class of 1943. Joe was good in all sports, but excelled especially in basketball and baseball. Joe's in Merchant Marine now, and likes it a lot. His recent leave began April 29. His address is:

JOSEPH BOUDREAU
Merchant Maritime Academy
Hyannis, Massachusetts

Ken Dallmeyer of the basketball and track team is now a private in Uncle Sam's Army. He left for the service on Valentine's Day and has been up to his neck in work ever since.

PVT. KEN DALLMEYER, 3108400
Student Reception Pool H A A F
Harlington Field, Texas

Remember Jimmy Anderson, graduate of 1941? Jimmy's been with the Marine's almost three years and has had several leaves; in fact, on his last leave two months ago he was married. He expects to be shipped out soon, but his present address is:

SGT. J. T. ANDERSON, V.S.M.C. 3rd
M.A.V.F.M.F.
V.M.O. 351 M.A.C. 35
U.S.M.A.F.
Cherry Point, North Carolina

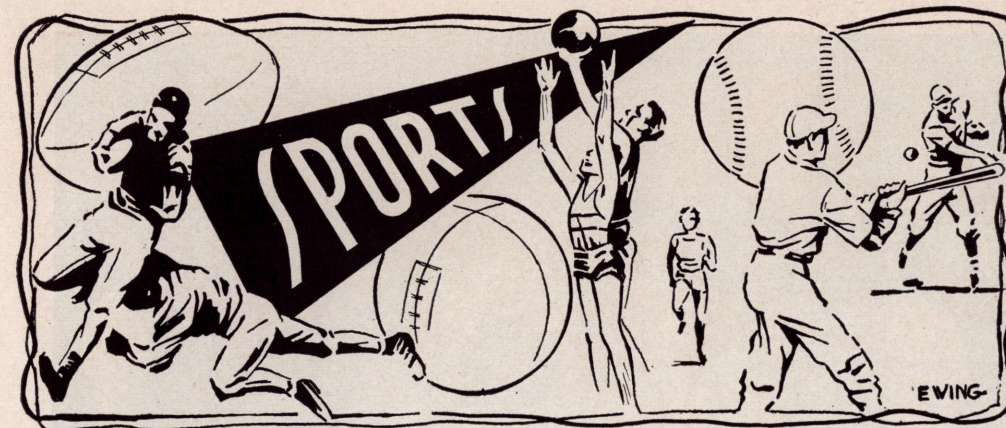
BOB BOLAND, who drew this month's cover design, was inducted into the Army Air Corps in April of this year. Up to that time his illustrations had graced the PEN's pages for more than a year. Perhaps his most remembered work is his covers, which THE PEN has used almost exclusively this season. Other efforts of his are drawing "Drooperman" and winning the operetta poster contest.

Bob would like to have lots of letters addressed to:

Pvt. Robert M. Boland 31457164
Section R Bks. 2623
3508th AAF Base Unit
Truax Field
Madison 7, Wisconsin

Chris Stratigos, who left for the Air Corps last December, is now an Aviation Cadet at Wellenburg College. He's an ideal addition to the Air Corps and thinks it's much more exciting than school. How could he? There are probably many students who intended to write to Chris so just address your letters to:

A-S CHRIS STRATIGOS
Squadron 44-C-3 Sec 3
54th College Training Detachment
Air Crew
Wellenburg College
Springfield, Ohio



TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

By Donald Morey

The call of baseball has been heard at Pittsfield High once again. At this writing, however, not much definite news can be reported on the 1944 P. H. S. squad because the weather has slowed progress in pre-season training, but when the diamond sport comes into its own in May and June, an excellent showing can be expected from Coach Stewart's team.

The brightest spot on the team appears to be the pitching staff. Any coach would find it to his liking to have the fine set of hurlers that Coach Stewart has to work with. George Ditmar, a basketball regular the past winter, and Joe Galli, both juniors, and Bill Prendergast, a transfer from St. Joseph's, plus several promising newcomers headed by Eddie Paris, the star sophomore fullback of last fall's football team, constitute a first class mound corps.

Experienced players are on hand for work behind the plate, in the infield, and in center-field. There are several impressive candidates for the other two outfield posts and nearly every position is well fortified with veterans and sophomores alike.

All of which points to a definite threat to Dalton for the league title. According to pre-season form, pitching will be dominant in the coming season because, besides Pittsfield's top flight hurlers, Dalton boasts two veteran moundsmen in Walt Murray and Dick Brisson. A pitcher's paradise with P. H. S. and Dalton fighting it out for top honors is the 1944 Berkshire baseball outlook.

ALL P. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM

The following team, in the opinion of THE PEN's sports staff, comprises the cream of the crop from Pittsfield's basketball teams during our three years under the Dome.

FIRST TEAM

L.F. George Henderson '42
R.F. James Garivaltis '44
C. Norman Bornak '43
L.G. Joseph Boudreau '43
R.G. Robert Marmorek '43

SECOND TEAM

L.F. Edward Race '43
R.F. Emil Fontana '45
C. Rodney Brown '44
L.G. Theodore Mezejewski '42
R.G. Anthony Melideo '44

LATE RETURNS

As we go to press we report a baseball defeat by Dalton 5 to 4, and a victory over Williamstown 11 to 1.



GIRLS' SPORTS

By Joan Coughlin

As we come to the final issue of THE PEN this year, we find the Seniors have won two tournaments, volleyball and basketball; and the Juniors, one, field hockey. Softball has not yet been started as THE PEN goes to press.

Basketball has just been completed with the seniors in the lead. The basketball games were really exciting this year and in the Round Robin, Team 8 came out on top. On Team 8 were Doris Lay, captain; Lois Brown, Ruth Wyand, Virginia Wyble, Olive Trembly, Marie Massery, Jean Homich, Martha Overbaugh, and Betty Krieger.

On the senior team were Helen Beau-

chemin, Peggy Eulian, Evelyn Zuorski, Shirley Alexander, Patricia Reid, Mary Ellen Bryan, Santina Zofrea, Madelon Seamons, Madeline Cullen, Jean Castranova, Nina Homich and Betsy Grey. Chosen for the Juniors were Therese Cullen, Lois Brown, Doris Lay, Jane Kruczkowski, Eleanor Farrell, Ruth Wyand, Dorothy Wallin, Bernice Kingsley, Anna Spagnulo, Virginia Wyble and Katherine Kennedy. Representing the sophomores, Carmina Zofrea, Marjorie Thebodo, Hattie Hall, Jean Homich, Martha Overbaugh, Betty Kreiger, Anne La Porte, Pat Tierney, and Jeanne Murphy.



Dorothy Saharceski

Jean Simmons
Ruth Calkins

Jane Kruczkowski

BOWLING

P. H. S. girls again won the Western Massachusetts bowling tournament. This is the second year they have gained this honor, and they really deserve a lot of credit.

The five girls representing Pittsfield High in Springfield for this tournament were Ruth Calkins, Jean Simmons, Jane Kruczkowski, Dorothy Saharceski, and Mary Phair. Hats off to these marvelous bowlers.

The Adventures of Drooperman

By Paul Feldman and Mildred Nigrelli

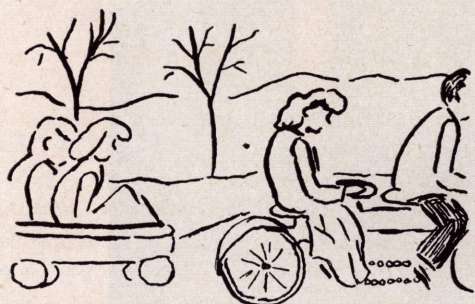


Several fellows and Marmaduke the Magnificent discuss the problem of Prom transportation. Airplane? No. Bicycle? How? Scooter? Impossible.

"Thith ith a very perplekthing pwoblem, fellowth. Do you realithe that?"

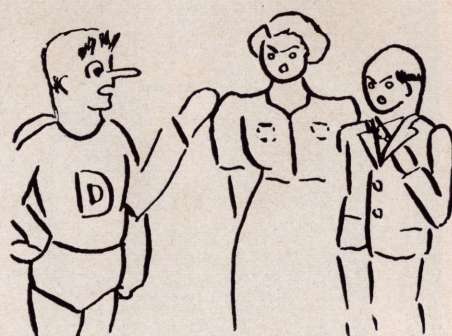
"No gas, no tires, no nothing."

Then he wanders away, puts on his Drooperman costume and shouts, "Thith ith a job for Dwooperman!"



Along the streets of Pittsfield on the night of May 12, 1944, a strange caravan wends its way. A blithe young couple on a tandem bicycle are towing a cart filled with cheering young folks. They're going to the Prom!

"Isn't Drooperman ingenious to have thought of this!" squeals one enthusiastic girl. "He's so . . . so sweet!!"



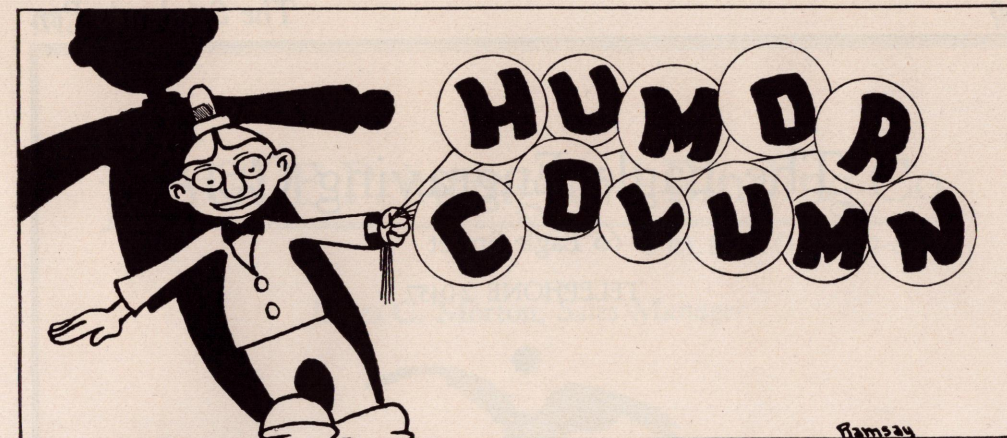
Drooperman calls on Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus C. Snodgrass, local representatives of the "Ike and Mike Trike and Bike Co. Inc." They seem somewhat skeptical about what the Droop is telling them.

"Okay, Mr. Drooperman," the woman finally says, "we'll let you try it free of charge. If it works, we're millionaires!"



Mr. Strout publicly congratulates Drooperman and proclaims him the hero of the evening.

"Thank you, thank you," says Drooperman. "And now I muth thay good-bye, 'cauth I'm flying for the Army tomorrow. Tho long, everybody. I'm off on a *real* job for Drooperman."



Sweet young lady at a bakery: "May I have a dozen doughnuts, please?"

Baker: "What kind—sugar?"

S. Y. L. A. A. B.: "Please don't be so familiar."

A boy won't refuse a date unless he has to.

A girl won't refuse a date unless she has two.

Dick Carpenter was asked by Mr. Herberg to look up the story of Queen Dido and report it to his Pre-induction math class.

Dick was reporting, "Queen Dido asked the natives of the region for as much land as she could cover with the hide of one bull. She had the hide cut into strips and finally got a leather thong 4,525 feet long—"

"Ah, that's a lot of bull!" remarked Bill Troy.

Mr. Herberg: "Chenfeld, keep your mouth closed!"

Chenfeld (in a meek voice): "All of it, sir?"

P. H. S. boy, working fast: "Tell me all about yourself—your thoughts, your aspirations, your philosophy, your telephone number."

Mr. Goodwin: "You should have been here at 8.45."

Tardy pupil: "Why, what happened?"

Dad: "Young lady, how did the chair break last night?"

Betty: "I don't know, father. It collapsed—just folded up—for no reason at all. But neither of us was hurt."

Mr. Geary to 5th period algebra class:

Because of your most disturbing conduct you will all write 100 times, "As a class we are perhaps the noisiest in the building."

David Mindlin: Let's be algebraic, Mr. Geary, and write it 10 times and then square it!"

Bud Milne solved the problem and used two pencils at a time.

Mr. Herberg: "You should be ashamed of yourself trying to imitate an irresponsible, loudmouthed, vulgar bumpkin."

Chenfeld (listening to this criticism of Carpenter): "You can't talk about me like that!"

Those two fellows who write the Humor Column always seem to be repeating the same jokes. One crack mind, I guess.

Answer to D. I. C. on page 21
Edwin was murdered by Charlie.

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
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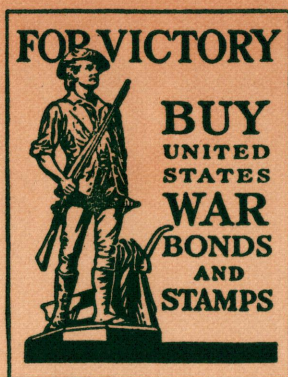
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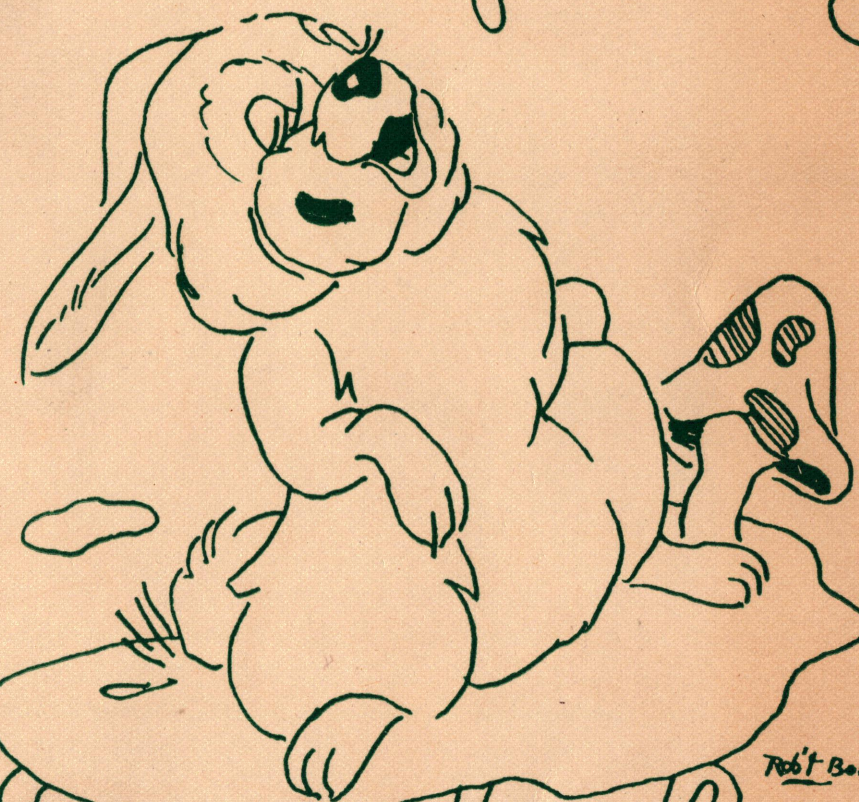
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